

*The history*

And euery Greeke of mettell let him know,  
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.  
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,  
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,  
Who in his dull and long continued truce,  
Is restlie growne: He bad me take a Trumpet,  
And to this purpose speake. Kings, Princes, Lords,  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher then his ease,  
And feeds his praise, more then he feares his perill;  
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,  
That loues his Mistresse more then in confession,  
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)  
And dare avowe her beautie, and her worth,  
In other armes then hers: to him this challenge;  
*Hector* in view of Troyans and of Greekes,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:  
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Then euer Greeke did couple in his armes,  
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,  
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in loue:  
If any come, *Hector* shall honor him:  
If none, heele say in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth  
The splinter of a Lance. Euen so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our louers Lord *Aeneas*,  
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,  
We left them all at home, but we are souldiers,  
And may that souldier a meere recreant prouoe,  
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:  
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,  
That one meetes *Hector*: if none else I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man  
When *Hectors* grand-fire suckt. He is old now,  
But if there be not in our Grecian hoste,  
A noble man that hath no sparke of fire  
To answer for his loue, tell him from me,

*Sound  
trumpet.*

*of Troilus and Cressida*

He hide my siluer beard in a gowne  
And in my vambrace put my weapon  
And meeting him tell him that  
Was fairer then his grandam, and  
As may bee in the world, (his yong  
He proue this troth with my th

*Aene.* Now heavens for-fend

*Vliss.* Amen: faue Lord *Aeneas*

To our pavilion shall I leade you  
*Achilles* shall haue word of this  
So shall each Lord of Greece  
Your selfe shall feast with vs both  
And finde the welcome of a no

*Vliss.* *Nestor.*

*Nest.*

*Vliss.* I haue a yong conception

Be you my time to bring it to foorth

*Nest.* What is't?

*Vliss.* Blunt wedges riue hard

That hath to this maturity bloomed  
In ranke *Achilles*, must or no  
Or shedding breede a nourfery  
To ouer-bulk vs all. *Nest.*

*Vliss.* This challeng that the  
How euer it is spread in genera  
Relates in purpose onely to

*Nest.* True the purpose is  
Whose groseness little charact  
And in the publication make  
But that *Achilles* weare his bra  
As banks of libia (though *Apolo*  
*Tis dry enough*) will with great  
I with celerity finde *Hectors* pu

*Vliss.* And wake him to the

*Nest.* Why tis most meete; w  
That can from *Hector* bring th  
If not *Achilles*: though't be a f  
Yet in the triall much opinio  
For here the Troyans tast our c